The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Rich.*
And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne liege.
*King.* Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes?
*Tir.* If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.
*King.* But didst thou see them dead?
*Tir.* I did my Lord.
*King.* And buried gentle Tirrell?
*Tir.* The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them.
But how or in what place I do not know.
*King.* ~~*Tir.*~~ Come to me Tirrell soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.
The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
*Cat.* My Lord.
*King.* Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?
*Cates.* Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
*King.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitour to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing, Ioues



Ioues Mercurie and Herald
Come muster men, my cour
We must be briefe when tra
*Enter Queene M*
*Q. Mar.* So now prosperit
And drop into the rotten m
Here in these confines slilie
To watch the waining of m
A dire induction am I witne
And will to France, hoping
Will prooue as bitter, blacke
Withdraw thee wretched M
*Enter the Qu. an*
*Qu.* Ah my young prince
My vnblowne flowers, new
If yet your gentle soules flie
And be not fixt in doome p
Houer about me with your
And heare your mothers la
*Qu. Mar.* Houer about h
Hath dimd your infant mor
*Qu.* Wilt thou, O God, f
And throw them in the intra
When didst thou sleepe, wh
*Qu. Mar.* When holie H
*Duch.* Blind sight, dead lif
Woes sceane, worlds shame,
Rest thy vnrest on Englands
Vnlawfullie made drunke w
*Qu.* O that thou woludst
As thou canst yeeld a melanc
Then would I hide my bone
O who hath any cause to mo
*Duc.* So many miseries ha
That my woe-wearied tongu
Edward Plantagenet, why ar
*Q Mar.* If auncient sorro
Giue mine the benefite of sig